

Lady *M A R T*:

A

1487 R. 23.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The AUTHOR and a LADY

A T

COURT.



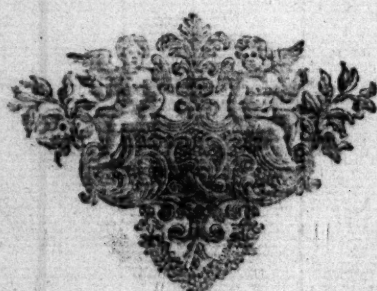
AUTHOR.

Of Lady *Mart* there is many a Score;
Which do you meet **LONDON:**

Printed for T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster Row*,
and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *West-*
minster. 1742.

That young o'er all (Price Six-pence.)

Lady M A R Y:
A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
The AUTHOR and a LADY
AT
COOPER'S.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER at the Globe in Pater-noster Row,
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All Order and Distinction, dares proclaim
Herself a Countess.



True, she took Place of you : Was it her Fault?
Alas! that Privilege she never fought:
Her Father is a Peer, it was her Due:
What did she more, than all Peers Daughters do?

A
SHE A Peer's Daughter? She have Peer's Rights?
DIALOGUE, &c.

AUTHOR.

If you're there, good Night!
I'm for no Scandal: I'm for such Sport.

WHENCE, Madam, all this Indignation now?
Why bite you so your Lips, and knit your
Brow?

Tell me your Wrongs: and, as I am a Knight,
This Hand, I swear, shall do your Honour Right.

LADY.
Shall Lady *Mary* then take Place of Me?
That Thing! that noted Spawn of Infamy!

AUTHOR.
Of Lady *Maries* there is many a Score;
Which do you mean?

LADY.
I mean! (what, need I more?)
I mean the Flirt, the Upstart of the Town,
That leaping o'er all Law, and throwing down
All

All Order and Distinction, dares proclaim
Herself a *Countess*.

AUTHOR.

Her! You are to blame.
True, she took Place of you: Was it her Fault?
Alas! that Privilege she never fought:
Her Father is a Peer, it was her Due:
What did she more, than all Peers Daughters do?

LADY.

She a Peer's Daughter? She have Peeral Right?
'Tis known, her Mother---

AUTHOR.

If you're there, good Night!
I'm for no Scandal: they that love such Sport,
Can never miss their Party at a Court.

LADY.

Nay, stay.

AUTHOR.

But wherefore all this Malice thrown
On Lady *Mary*? Make the Case your own:
An Idiot comes, and fleers it in your Face,
Would not your Bosom swell with the Disgrace?
Would it not pain you, as you pass'd along,
To read your Name in execrable Song?
What tho' bold *Man* the Public Voice defie,
And trace whole Journals with a patient Eye:
Far otherwise the *Virgin*: prone to Shame,
And delicate by Nature, her toucht Fame
Inly she weeps, and murmurs, if she's born
To suffer undeserv'd, opprobrious Scorn.
Cruel the Tongue, that wounds the Maid's soft Ear;
Or rails at Parents, when their Child is near.

L A D Y.

Sure you espouse my Lady *Mary's* Part!

A U T H O R.

Not I indeed, I speak but from my Heart;
And be my Lady *Mary* who she will,
I think her injur'd, and I'll speak it still.

O Madam! trust me, these are not the Ways
Our Fathers Glory, or our own to raise;
And tho' the Rage now in your Bosom swells,
Know, you're yet ignorant where true Honour dwells.
Nay, hear me: come, I claim it as a Friend;
And to the moral Song awhile attend.

True Honour dwells not or in Rank or State,
At best, They're but the Fashion of the Plate:
What part is solid, only Worth supplies:
Ring then, and judge: For there true Honour lies.
Should Folly chance to marr the noble Head,
His Coronet degenerates to Lead;
Or let his Heart but own one Thought that's mean,
The Robe of Honour is a Rag obscene.
Nor Star, nor Title, nor the Pride of Birth,
Can separate Nobility and Worth:
'Tis Worth, 'tis Worth, that must distinguish here,
And mark my Lord a Puppet or a Peer.
Plain *Andrew Marvel*, in a Coat as plain,
Shall shine amidst a Court's embroider'd Train:
Ungilt, untitled, without Place or Plan,
The native Worth, and Splendor of the Man
Would quickly with his well-drest Audience take,
And force the Fop to listen and the Rake:
Perhaps before unnoted he might stand,
Now half a Drawing-Room his Name demand.
Thus Virtue e'er beams forth, as soon as shewn,
And finds no Lustre equal to its own.

O! Daugh-

O! Daughters of our Nobles, and ye Wives,
 Still to fair Virtue consecrate your Lives :
 Fair Virtue is the Pearl, without whose Aid
 The Dross within your Coronets shall fade :
 O! like the Gift of Heaven, guard it, ye Fair !
 Guard it with indefatigable Care ;
 Till *Britain* every bright Patrician view
 In Rank a Peeress, and in Merit too.

O Madam! trust me, there are not the Ways
 LADY.
 Our Fathers Glory, or our own to raise ;

So then! I've heard you out, your Moral Song,
 And listen'd most attentive all along.
 Publish, I beg : and be your Title, pray,
On true Nobility, a New Essay.
 In it you talk in a Dictator's Tone
 Of sundry Things most worthy to be known :
 As first, you tell us, *Merit* is the Weight,
 And *Quality* the Fashion of the Plate :
 Then, Sir, one *Andrew Marvel* much your praise,
 A certain Squire in good King *Charles's* Days :
 In fine, a Pearl with Virtue you compare,
 And sneer a Panegyric on the Fair.

The Robe of Honour is a Rag obscene.
 Nor Star, nor Tide, nor Bide of Birth,
 A U T H O R.

Bravissimo! a good Abridgment this!
 Oons! I could give your Ladyship a Kiss!
 But hold now : Should your Wit mistake its Cast,
 The Net may fall upon yourself at last.

Ungilt, untaught, without Place or Plan,
 The native Worth, and splendour of the Man,
 LADY.

The Net may fall upon an Ass's Head!
 Dost think we're Woodcocks, to be caught with Thread?
 Thank Heav'n, our Peeresses are not so tame!
 No : Conscious of their Blood and noble Name,
 Their Rank they'll still preserve, assert their Right,
 Nor e'er forgive one ignominious Slight.

O! Daughters of our Nobles, and ye Wives,
 Still to fair Virtue consecrate your Lives,
 Fair Virtue is the Pearl, without whose Aid
 The Dross within your Coronets shall fade :
 O! like the Gift of Heaven, guard it, ye Fair !
 Guard it with indefatigable Care ;
 Till *Britain* every bright Patrician view
 In Rank a Peeress, and in Merit too.
 For

For you, Sir! You may cease your simple Lay,
 Since Nobody will mind a Word you say;
 Besides, upon these Points of nice Import,
 Such as are *Quality* and *Place at Court*,
 Our very Dressing-maids know more than you,
 Or all the crack-brain'd Tribe of Poets do.

AUTHOR.

I find, your Ladyship is pleas'd to scold,
 In answer, take a Story, true, tho' old:
 And to prevent your sleeping the mean while,
 Would I could tell it you in *Dryden's* Stile!

Once on a Time two Ladies had a Fray,
 Nor this, nor that would give the other Way:
 Precedence was the Point which either sought,
 And long had either for Precedence fought:
 When tir'd at length, within the Day decreed,
 (As by a solemn Compact was agreed)
 On a green Meadow, near an ancient Wood,
 That from the Hill seem'd dropping, where it stood,
 Both Parties met; and at each Lady's Side
 A Train of gallant Knights was seen to ride.
 Now it fell out, that *Charles* the Fifth of *Spain*,
 By chance was Riding o'er the fatal Plain;
 Who, when afar so brave a Troop he spy'd,
 All glitt'ring to the Sun with gorgeous Pride,
 Soon halted where he stood, and sent to know
 The Reason of this Military Show;
 Which when he heard, he blush'd, 'tis said, with Shame,
 But more with Indignation, when there came
 From either Party a most humble Suit,
 To beg he would determine their Dispute:
 Assenting therefore with a silent Nod,
 Down to the Mead in eager Haste he rode;
 And scarce arrived, 'twas instant his Command
 That either Party should before him stand.
 They came: The Monarch took his awful Head,
 Then with a Frown, yet with a Smile he said:

"Contending Parties, at your humble Suit,

"I'm come to put an End to your Dispute.

"You claim Precedence both: What must be done?

"'Tis plain, that I can grant it but to One;

"In short, I leave you to dispute anew,

"And grant it to the Silliest of the Two."

Scarce had he spoke, both Ladies fled thro' spite,

And all their Gallants vanish'd out of Sight.

Charles stood, and sporting, with an Accent gay,

Cry'd out, 'We're Masters of the Field to-day;

For see! the Foe is fled: Come, let us raise

A noble Column to record our Praise,

And deep within the Marble grav'd with Care

Let the white Basis this Inscription bear:

"Here *Charles* the Fifth, for Once, upon this Plain

"O'er Female Pride a Victory did gain."

What! You are fell asleep!-----

LADY.

No, I've heard all,

And tremble for the Vengeance that may fall

On your rash Tongue: for were it known, I fear,

This Conversation now might cost you dear,

AUTHOR.

No sure! But what? What would you have me do?

LADY.

Be Dumb.

AUTHOR.

That's hard.

LADY.

Or Flatter, Sir.

AUTHOR.

Adieu!

Be Dumb, or Flatter? Tush! good Lady, Tush!

Let the Muse perish if she cares a Rush!

F N S.

